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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Play of the Weather

By JOHN HEYWOOD

Date of this the Earliest Known Edition, 1533

[*Pepys Collection, Magdalene College, Cambridge*]

Date of another Recently Discovered Edition also reproduced in this Series, 1565 [?]

[*B.M. Press-mark, C.* 34, *i.* 23]

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

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24/8/09.

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

[Vol. 45]

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Play of the Weather

By JOHN HEYWOOD

1533

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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The Play of the Weather

By JOHN HEYWOOD

This, a facsimile of the earliest known edition of "The Play of the Weather," is from an original copy now in the Pepys Collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge; it is the only perfect example known of the editio princeps, *the copy at St. John's College, Oxford, lacking the last leaf.*

Another edition, unknown until "the Irish find" of 1906, *printed by J. Awdeley, has already been issued in this series. The only copy known of this impression is in the British Museum.*

There were at least two other editions: one, printed by "Anthonie Kytson" (who was in business from 1549 *to* 1579), *of which the Bodley possesses a unique perfect copy; and another unidentified edition, in the University Library, Cambridge (imperfect), which it is thought was printed from Rastell's text as herein given, Kitson printing his edition from it (Pollard).*

Mr. R. B. Fleming reports that this facsimile is an excellent reproduction of the original. The peculiar "rustiness" of the Pepys set of Heywood's plays—they are all bound together in one volume—has occasioned the usual "fault," a slightly too dark a tint in the "mendings" and stains. "With this exception it looks very well."

JOHN S. FARMER.

¶ The play of the wether

¶ A new and a very mery enterlude of all maner wethers made by Johñ Heywood.

The players names.

Jupiter a god.
Mery reporte the vyce.
The gentylman.
The marchaunt.
The ranger
The water myller.
The wynde myller.
The gentylwoman.
The launder.
A boy the lest that can play.

Jupiter.

Rypght farre to longe as now were to recyte
The auncyent estate wherin our selfe hath reyned
what honour what laude gyuen vs of very ryght
what glozy we haue had dewly vnfayned
Of eche creature whych dewty hath constrayned
Foz aboue all goddes syns our fathers sale
we Jupiter were euer pzyncypale

If we so haue ben as treuthyt is in dede
Beyond the compas of all comparyson
who coulde pzesume to shew foz any mede
So that yt myght appere to humayne reason
The hye renowme we stande in at this season
Foz syns that heueu and erth were fyzste create
Stode we neuer in suche tryumphaunt estate.

As we now do wherof we woll repozte
Suche parte as we se mete foz tyme pzesent
Chyefely concernynge your perpetuall confozte
As the thynge selfe shall pzoue in experyment
whyche hyely shall bynde you on knees lowly bent
Soolly to honour oure hyenes day by day
And now to the mater gyue eare and we shall say.

Befoze our pzesens in our hye parlyament
Both goddes and goddeses of all degrees
Hath late assembled by comen assent
Foz the redzes of certayne enozmytees
Bzed amonge them thozow extremytees
Abusyd in eche to other of them all
Namely to purpose in these moste specyall.

Ouz fozesayd father Saturne, and Phebus
Eolus, and Phebe these four by name
whose natures not onely so farre contrarypous
But also of malyce eche other to defame
Haue longe tyme abused ryght farre out of frame
The dew course of all theyz constellacyons
To the great damage of all yerthly nacyons

whyche was debated in place sayde before
And fyrste as became our father moste auncyent
with berde whyte as snow his lockes both cold & hore
Hath entred such mater as serued his entent
Laudynge his frosty mansyon in the fyrmament
To ayre & perth as thynge moste precyous
Bourgynge all humours that are contagyous

How be yt he alledgeth that of longe tyme past
Lyttell hath preuayled his great dylygens
Full oft vppon perth his fayre frost he hath cast
All thynges hurtfull to banysh out of presens
But Phebus entendynge to kepe hym in sylens
when he hath labored all nyght in his powres
His glarynge beamys maryth all in two howres.

Phebus to this made no maner answerynge
wheruppon they both then Phebe defyed
Eche for his parte leyd in her reprouynge
That by her showres superfluous they haue tryed
In all that she may theyr powres be denyed
wherunto Phebe made answere no more
Then Phebus to Saturne hadde made before

Anone vppon Eolus all these dyd flie
Complaynynge theyr causes eche one arow
And sayd to compare none was so euyll as he
For when he is dysposed his blastes to blow
He suffereth neyther sone shyne rayne nor snow
They eche agaynste other and he agaynste all thre
Thus can these.iiii.in no maner agre

whyche sene in them selfe and further consyderynge
The same to redres was cause of theyr assemble
And also that we euermore beynge
Besyde our puysaunt power of deite
Of wysedome and nature so noble and so fre
From all extremytees the meane deuydynge
To pease and plente eche thynge attemperynge

They

They haue in conclusyon holly surrendryd
Into our handes as mych as concernynge
All maner wethers by them engendryd
The full of theyr powrs for terme euerlastynge
To set suche order as standyth wyth our plesynge
whyche thynge as of our parte no parte requyred
But of all theyr partys ryght humbly desyred.

To take vppon vs wherto we dyd assente
And so in all thynges wyth one voyce agreable
we haue clerely fynysshed our forsayd parleament
To your great welth whyche shall be fyrme and stable
And to our honour farre mesymable
For syns theyr powers as ours addyd to our owne
who can we say know vs as we shulde be knowne

But now for fyne the reste of our entent
wherfore as now we hyther are dyscendyd
Is onely to satysfye and content
All maner people whyche haue ben offendyd
By any wether mete to be amendyd
Vppon whose complaynes declarynge theyr grefe
we shall shape remedy for theyr relefe

And to gyue knowledge for theyr hyther resorte
we wolde thys aforeproclaymed to be
To all our people by some one of thys sorte
whom we lyste to choyse here amongest all ye
wherfore eche man auaunce and we shall se
whyche of you is moste mete to be our cryer.

Here entreth Wery reporte.

Wery repor. Brother holde vp your torche a lytell hyer
Now I beseche you my lorde loke on me furste
I truste your lordshyp shall not fynde me the wurste
Iuppter. why, what arte thou that approchyst so nye
Wery repor. Forsothe and please your lordshyppe it is I.
Iuppter. All that we knowe very well, but what I.
Wery repor. what I. some saye I am I perse I
But what maner I so euer be I
I assure your good lordshyp I am I.

Jupiter what manet man arte thou shewe quyckely
Wery repoꝛt By god a pooꝛe gentylman dwellyth here by.
Jupiter. I gentylman thy selfe bryngeth wytnes nape
Bothe in thy lyght behauiour and araye
But what arte thou called where thou dost resoꝛte.
Wery repoꝛt Foꝛsoth my loꝛde mayster Wery repoꝛte
Jupyter. Thou arte no mete man in our bysynes
Foꝛ thyne apparence ys of to mych lyghtnes
Wery repoꝛt why can not your loꝛdshyp lyke my maner
Wyne apparell noꝛ my name nother.
Juppyter. To nother of all we haue deuocyon.
Wery repoꝛt A pꝛoper lyckelyhod of pꝛomocyon
well than as wyse as ye seme to be
yet can ye se no wysdome in me
But syns ye dyspꝛayse me foꝛ so lyghte an elfe
I pꝛaye you gyue me leue to pꝛayse my selfe
And foꝛ the fyꝛste parte I wyll begyn
In my behauour at my commynge in
wherin I thynke I haue lyttell offendyd
Foꝛ sewer my curtesy coulde not be amendyd
And as foꝛ my sewt your seruaunt to be
Wyghte yll haue bene myst foꝛ your honeste
Foꝛ as I be saued yf I shall not lye
I saw no man sew foꝛ the offyce but I
wherfoꝛe yf ye take me not oꝛ I go
ye must anone whether ye wyll oꝛ no
And syns your entent is but foꝛ the wethers
what skyls our apparell to be fryse oꝛ fethers
I thynke it wysdome syns no man foꝛ bad it
wyth thys to spare a better yf I had it
And foꝛ my name repoꝛtyng alwaye trewly
what hurte to repoꝛte a sad mater merely
As by occasyon foꝛ the same entent
To a serteyne wedow thys daye was I sent
whose husbande departyd wythout her wyttynge
A specyall good louer and she hys owne swettynge
To whome at my commyng I caste such a fygure
Wynglynge the mater accoꝛdynge to my nature
That when we departyd aboue all other thynges
She thanked me hartely foꝛ my merye tydynges

And

And yf I had not handled yt meryly
Perchaunce she myght haue take yt heuely
But in suche facyon I conjured and bounde her
That I left her meryer then I founde her
what man may compare to shew the lyke comforte
That dayly is shewed by me Mery reporte
And for your purpose at this tyme ment
For all wethers I am so indyfferent
wythout affeccyon standynge so vp ryght
Son lyght mone lyght ster lyght twy lyght torch light
Cold hete moyst dry hayle rayne frost snow lightnyng thunder
Cloudy mysty wyndy fayre fowle aboue hed or vnder
Temperate or dystemperate what euer yt be
I promyse your lordshyp all is one to me

Jupyter. well sonne consydrynge thyne indyfferency
And partely the rest of thy declaracyon
we make the our seruaunte and immedyately
well woll thou departe and cause proclamacyon
Publyshynge our pleasure to euery nacyon
whyche thynge ons done wyth all dylygens
Make thy returne agayne to this presens.

Here to receyue all sewters of eche degre
And suche as to the may seme moste meely
we wyll thow bryngethem before our maiesty
And for the reste that be not so worthy
Make thou reporte to vs effectually
So that we may heare eche maner sewte at large
Thus se thow departe and loke vppon thy charge

Mery report Now good my lorde god our lady be wyth ye
Frendes a fellyshyppe let me go by ye
Thynke ye I may stand thrustyng amonge you there
Nay by god I muste thrust about other gere
Mery reporte goth out

Jupiter Now syns we haue thus farre set forth our purpose
At thende of this staf the god hath a song played in his trone or Mery re port come in.
A whyle we woll wythdraw our godly presens
To enbold all such more playnely to dysclose
As here wyll attende in our foresayde pretens

And

And now accordynge to your obedyens
Reioyce ye in vs wyth ioy most ioyfully
And we our selfe shall ioy in our owne glory

Mery report cometh in

Mery report Now syrs take hede for here cometh goddes seruaũt
Auaunte cartely keytyfs auaunt
why ye dronken horesons wyll yt not be
By your fayth haue ye nother cap nor kne
Not one of you that wyll make curtsy
To me that am squyre for goddes precyous body
Regarde ye nothynge myne authorite
No welcome home nor where haue ye be
How be yt yf ye axyd I coulde not well tell
But suer I thynke a thousande myle from hell
And on my fayth I thynke in my conscyens
I haue ben from heuyn as farre as heuen is hens
At Louyn at London and in Lombardy
At Baldock at Barfolde and in Barbary
At Canturbery at Couentre at Colchester
At wanswoorth and welbeck at westchester
At Fullam at Faleborne and at Fenlow
At wallyngford at wakefeld and at waltamstow
At tawnton at Typtre and at Totnam
At Glouceter at Gylford and at Gotham
At hartforde at Harwyche at Harrow on the hyll
At Sudbery Suthampton at shoters hyll
At wallyngham at wyttam and at werwycke
At Boston at Brystow and at Berwycke
At Grauelyn at Grauesend and at Glastynbery
ynge Gyngiang Jaybers the paryshe of Butsbery
The deuyll hym selfe wythout more leasure
Coulde not haue gone halfe thus myche I am sure
But now I haue warned them let the euen chose
For in fayth I care not who wynne or lose

Here the gentylman before he cometh in blowth his horne

Mery report Now by my trouth this was a goodly hearyng
I went yt had ben the gentylwomens blowynge
But yt is not so as I now suppose
For womens hornes sounde more in a mannys nose

Stand

Gentylman Stande ye mery my frendes euerychone
Mery report Say that to me and let the reste alone
Syr ye be welcome and all your meyny
Gentylman Now in good sooth my frende god a mercy
And syns that I mete the here thus by chaunce
I shall requyre the of further acqueyntaunce
And brefely to shew the this is the mater
I come to sew to the great god Iuppyter
For helpe of thynges concernynge my recreacyon
Accordynge to his late proclamacyon.
Mery report Mary and I am he that this must spede.
But fyrste tell me what be ye in dede
Gentylman Forsoth good frende I am a gentylman
Mery report A goodly occupacyon by seynt Anne
On my fayth your malhyp hath a mery lyfe
But who maketh al these hornes your self or your wife
Nay euen in ernest I aske you this questyon
Gentylman Now by my trouth thou art a mery one
Mery report In fayth of vs both I thynke neuer one sad
For I am not so mery but ye seme as mad
But stande ye styll and take a lyttell payne
I wyll come to you by and by agayne
Now gracyous god yf your wyll so be
I pray ye let me speke a worde wyth ye
Iupiter Wy sonne say on let vs here thy mynde
Mercyreport My lord there standeth a sewter euen here behynde
A Gentylman in yonder corner
And as I thynke his name is mayster horner
Here he poynteth to the women A hunter he is and comyth to make you sporte
He wolde hunte a sow or twayne out of this sorte
Iuppter. what so euer his mynde be let hym appere
Mery report Now good mayster horner I pray you come nere
Gentylman I am no horner knaue I wyll thou know yt
Mery report I thought ye had for when ye dyd blow yt
Harde I neuer horeson make horne so goo
As lefe ye kyste myne ars as blow my hole soo
Come on your way before the god Iuppyter
And there for your selfe ye shall be sewter
Gentylman Moste myghty prynce and god of euery nacyon
Pleasyth your hyghnes to vouchsaue the herynge

Of me whyche accordynge to our proclamacyon
Doth make apparaunce in way of beseechynge
Not sole for my selfe but generally
For all come of noble and auncyent stock
whych sorte aboue all doth most thankfully
Dayly take payne for welth of the comen flocke
wyth dylygent study alway deuysynge
To kepe them in order and vnyte
In peace to labour the encrees of theyr lyuynge
wherby eche man may prosper in plente
wherfore good god this is our hole desyrynge
That for ease of our paynes at tymes vacaunt
In our recreacyon whyche chyefely is huntynge
It may please you to sende vs wether pleasaunt
Dyre and not mysty the wynde calme and styll
That after our houndes yournynge so meryly
Chasynge the dere ouer dale and hyll
In herynge we may folow and to comfort the cry.

Jupiter — Ryght well we do perceyue your hole request
whyche shall not fayle to reste in memory
wherfore we wyll ye set your selfe at rest
Tyll we haue herde eche man indyfferently
And we shall take suche order vnyuersally
As best may stande to our honour infynyte
For welth in cõmune and ech mãys synguler profyte.

Gentylman — In heuen and perth honoured be the name
Of Jupyter whome of his godly goodnes
Hath set this mater in so goodly frame
That euery wyght shall haue his desyre doutles
And fyrst for vs nobles and gentylmen
I doute not in his wysedome to proupde
Suche wether as in our huntynge now and then
we may both tayse and receyue on euery syde
whyche thynge ones had for our seyd recreacyon
shall greatly preuayle you in preferrynge our helth
For what thynge more nedefull then our preseruacyon
Beynge the weale and heddes of all comen welth.

Mery report — Now I beseche your mastyp whose hed be you
Gentylman — whose hed am I: thy hed what seyst thou now
Mery report — Nay I thynke yt very trew so god me helpe

For

For I haue euer ben of a lyttell wheipe
So full of fansyes and in so many fyttes
So many smale reasons and in so many wyttes
That euen as I stande I pray god I be dede
If euer I thought them all mete for one hede
But syns I haue one hed more then I knew
Blame not my reioycynge I loue all thynges new
And suer yt is a treasour of heddes to haue store
One feate can I now that I neuer coude before

Gentylman what is that

Mery report By god syns ye came hyther
I can set my hedde and my tayle to gyther
This hed shall saue mony by sapnt mary
From hens forth I wyll no potycary
For at all tymys when suche thynges shall myster
My new hed shall geue myne olde tayle a glyster
And after all this then shall my hedde wayte
Uppon my tayle and there stande at receyte
Syr for the reste I wyll not now moue you
But yf we lyue ye shall smell how I loue yow
And syr touchyng your sewt here depart when it please
For be ye suer as I can I wyll ease you (you

Gentylman Then gyue me thy hande that promyse I take
And yf for my sake any sewt thou do make
I promyse thy payne to be requyted
More largely then now shall be recyted

Mery report Alas my necke goddes pyty where is my hed
By sapnt yue I feare me I shall be ded
And yf I were me thynke yt were no wonder
Entreth the marchaunt. Syns my hed and my body is so farre asonder
Mayster person now welcome by my lyfe
I pray you how doth my mastres your wyfe

Marchaunte.

Syr for the prestihod and wyfe that ye alledge
I se ye speke more of dotage then knowledge
But let pas syr I wolde to you be sewter
To bynge me yf ye can before Jupiter
yes mary can I and wyll do yt in dede
Tary and I shall make wey for your spede
In fayth good lord yf it please your gracyous godshyp

I muste haue a worde or twayne wyth your lordshyp
Spr yonder is a nother man in place
who maketh great sewt to spehe wyth your grace
your pleasure ones knowen he cōmeth by and by

Jupiter. Bryng hym before our presens sone hardely

Mery report. why where be you shall I not fynde ye
Come a way I pray god the deuyll blynde ye

Marthaunt. Most myghty prynce and lorde of lordes all
Ryght humbly beseecheth your maieste
your marchaunt men thorow the worlde all
That yt may please you of your benygnyte
In the dayly daunger of our goodes and lyfe
Fyrste to consyder the desert of our request
what welth we bryng the rest to our great care & stryfe
And then to rewarde vs as ye shall thynke best
what were the surplysage of eche commodyte
whyche groweth and euereaseth in euery lande
Excepte exchaunge by suche men as we be
By wey of entercours that lyeth on our hande
we fraught from home thynges wherof there is plente
And home we bryng such thynges as there be scant
who sholde afore vs marchauntes accompted be
For were not we, the worlde shuld wylye and want
In many thynges, whych now shall lack reherssall
And breuely to conclude we beseche your hyghnes
That of the benefyte proclaymed in generall
we may be parte takers for comen encres
Stablyshynge wether thus pleasynge your grace
Stormy nor mysty the wynde mesurable
That sauely we may passe from place to place
Berynge our seplys for spede moste vayleable
And also the wynde to chaunge and to turne
Est, west, North, and South, as beste may be set
In any one place not to longe to sotourne
For the length of our vyage may lese our market

Jupiter. Ryght well haue ye sayde and we accept yt so
And so shall we rewarde you ere we go hens
But ye muste take pacyens tyll we haue harde mo
That we may indyfferently gyue sentens
There may passe by vs no spot of negligence

But

But iustely to iudge eche thynge so bpzyghte
That ech mans parte maye shyne in the selfe ryghte.

Mery repozt. Now syz by pour fayth yf ye shulde be swozne
Harde pe euer god speke so kyns pe were bozne
So wysely so gentylly hys wozdes be shówd

Merchaunt. I thanke hys grace my sewte is well bestowd

Mery repozt Syz what byage entende pe nexte to go.

Merchaunt. I truste oz myd lente to be to Spo.

Mery repozt Ha ha is it pour mynde to saple at Spo
Nay then when pe wyll byz lady pe maye go
And let me alone wyth thys, be of good chere
pe maye truste me at Spo as well as here
Foz though pe were fro me a thousande myle space
I wolde do as myche as pe were here in place.
Foz syns that from hens it is so farre thyther
I care not though pe neuer come agayne hyther.

Merchaunt. Syz yf pe remember me when tyme shall come

Exeat marchaũt Though I requyte not all I shall deserue some.

Mery repozt Now farre pe well & god thanke you by saynt Anne
I pzay you marke the fasshyon of thys honeste manne
He putteth me in mozе truste at thys metynge here
Then he shall fynde cause why thys twenty pere

Here entreth the Ranger.

Ranger. God be here, now Cryst kepe thys company.

Mery repozt In fayth pe be welcome euyn very skantely.
Syz foz pour compnge what is the mater.

Ranger. I wolde fayne speke wyth the god Iuppter

Mery repozt That wyll not be but pe may do thys
Tell me pour mynde I am an offycer of hys.

Ranger. Be ye so, mary I cry you marcy
pour mayster shyp may say I am homely
But syns pour mynde is to haue repozted
The cause wherfozе I am now resozted
Pleasyth it pour mayster shyp it is so
I come foz my selfe and suche other mo
Rangers and kepers of certayne places
As fozestes, parkes, purlews and chasys
where we be chargyd wyth all maner game
Smale is our pzofyte and great is our blame
Alas foz our wages what be we the nere

what is forty shyllynges or fyue marke a yere
Many tymes and oft where we be flyttynge
we spende forty pens a pece at a syttynge
Now for our dauntage whyche chefely is wyndefale
That is ryght nought there blowyth no wynde at all
whyche is the thynge wherin we fynde most greke
And cause of my commynge to sew for releke
That the god of pyty all thys thynge knowynge
Maye sende vs good rage of blustryng and blowynge
And yf I can not get god to do some good
I wolde hyer the deuyll to runne thorow the wood
The rootes to turne vp, the toppys to bynge vnder
I myschyefe vpon them and a wylde thunder

Mery report Very well sayd I set by your charyte
Is mych in a maner as by your honeste
I shall set you somwhat in ease anone
ye shall putte on your cappe when I am gone
For I se ye care not who wyn or lese
So ye maye fynde meanys to wyn your fees

Ranger Syr as in that ye speke as it please ye
But let me speke wyth the god yf it maye be
I pray you lette me passe ye

Mery report why nay syr by the masse ye.

Ranger Then wyll I leue you euyn as I founde ye.

Mery report Go when ye wyll no man here hath bounde ye.

Here entreth the water myller and the Ranger goth out.

water myller what ỹ deuyll shold skyl though all ỹ world were dum
Syns in all our spekynge we neuer be harde
we crye out for rayne the deuyll sped dyop wyll cum
we water myllers be nothynge in regarde
No water haue we to grynde at any styut
The wynde is so stronge the rayne can not fall
whyche kepeth our myldams as dyre as a flynt
we are vndone we grynde nothynge at all
The greter is the pyte as thynketh me
For what auayleth to eche man hys corne
Tyll it be grounde by such men as we be
There is the losse yf we be forborne
For touchynge our selfes we are but drudgys

And

And very beggers saue onely our tole
whyche is ryght smale and yet many grudges
For gryste of a busshell to gyue a quarte bole
yet were not reparacyous we myght do wele
Our mylstons our whele with her boggy rourtrindill
Our floodgate our mylpooil our water whele
Our hopper our erre our yren spyndyll
In thys and myrth more so great is our charge
That we wolde not recke though no water ware
Saue onely it toucheth eche man so large
And ech for our neyghbour Cryste byddeth vs care
wherfore my conscyence hath prycked me hyther
In thys to sewe accordynge to the cry
For plente of rayne to the god Jupiter
To whose presence I wyll go cuyn boldely

Mery report Syr I do wt nothynge your audacyte
But I feare me ye lacke capacyte
For yf ye were wyse ye myghte well espye
How rudely ye erre from rewls of curtesye
what ye come in reuelynge and reheptynge
Cuyn as a knaue myght go to a beare beptynge

water myller All you here recorde what fauour I haue
Herke how famylyerly he calleth me knaue
Dowtles the gentylman is vntuersall
But marke thys lesson syr you shulde neuer call
your felow knaue nor your brother horeson
For nought can ye get by it when ye haue donc

Mery report Thou arte nother brother nor felowe to me
For I am goddes seruaunt mayst thou not se
wolde ye presume to speke wyth the great god
Nay discrecyon and you be to farre od
Syr lady these knaues muste be tyed shorter
Syr who let you in spake ye wyth the porter

water myller Nay by my trouth nor wyth no nother man
yet I saw you well when I fyrst began
How be it so helpe me god and holydam
I toke you but for a knaue as I am
But mary now syns I knowe what ye be
I muste and wyll obey your authorite
And yf I maye not speke wyth Jupiter

I beseech

I beseche you be my solycyter.

Mery report As in that I wylbe your well wyller
I perceyue you be a water myller
And your hole desyre as I take the mater
Is plente of rayne for encres of water
The let wherof ye affyrme determynately
Is onely the wynde your mortall enemy

water myller Trouth it is for it blowyth so alofte
we neuer haue rayne or at the most not ofte
wherfore I prayе you put the god in mynde
Clerely for euer to banyll the wynde

Entreth the wynd myller

wynd myller How is all the wether gone or I come
For the passyon of god helpe me to some
I am a wynd myller as many mo be
No wretch in wretchydnes so wrechyd as we
The hole sorte of my crafte be all mard at onys
The wynde is so weyke it sturryth not our stonys
Nor skantely can shatter the shyttyn sayle
That hangeth shatterynge at a womans tayle
The rayne neuer resteth so longe be the showres
From tyme of begynnyng tyll foure & twenty howres
And ende whan it shall at nyght or at none
An other begynneth as soone as that is done
Such reuell of rayne ye knowe wellinough
Destroyeth the wynde be it neuer so rough
wherby syns our myllys be come to styll standynge
Now maye we wynd myllers go cuyn to hangynge
A myller wyth a moryn and a myschefe
who wolde be a myller as good be a thefe
yet in tyme past when gryndynge was plente
who were so lyke goddys felows as we
As faste as god made corne we myllers made meale
whyche myght be best forborne for comyn weale
But let that gere passe for I feare our pryde
Is cause of the care whyche god doth vs prouyde
wherfore I submyt me entendynge to se
what comforte maye come by humplyte
And now at thys tyme they sayd in the crye
The god is come downe to shape remedye

No dowt

Mery repoꝛt No doute he is here euen in ponder trone
But in your mater he truſteth me alone
wherin I do percepue by your complaynte
Oppꝛeſſyon of rayne doth make the wynde ſo faynte
That ye wynde myllers be clene caſte away

wynd myller If Iuppter helpe not yt is as ye ſay
But in few woꝛdes to tell you my mynde rounde
Uppon this condycyon I wolde be bounde
Day by day to ſay our ladyes ſauter
That in this woꝛld were no dꝛope of water
Noꝛ neuer rayne but wynde contynuall
Then ſhold we wyndemyllers be loꝛdes ouer all

Mery repoꝛt Come on and aſſay how you twayne can agre
I bꝛother of yours a myller as ye be

water myller By meane of our craft we may be bꝛothers
But whyles we lyue ſhall we neuer be louers
We be of one crafte but not of one kynde
I lyue by water and he by the wynde

Here Mery reporte goth out. And ſyꝛ as ye deſyꝛe wynde contynuall
So wolde I haue rayne euer moꝛe to fall
whyche two in experyence ryght well ye ſe
Ryght ſelde oꝛ neuer to gether can be
Foꝛ as longe as the wynde rewieth yt is playne
Twenty to one ye get no dꝛop of rayne
And when the element is to ſarre oppꝛeſt
Downe cõmeth the rayne and ſetteth the wynde at reſt
By this ye ſe we can not both obtayne
Foꝛ ye muſt lacke wynde oꝛ I muſt lacke rayne
wherfoꝛe I thynke good befoꝛe this audyens
Eche foꝛ our ſelfe to ſay oꝛ we go hens
And whom is thought weykeſt when we haue fynyſhyt
Leue of his ſewt and content to be banyſht

wynd myller In fayth agreed but then by your lycens
Our mylles foꝛ a tyme ſhall hange in ſuſpens
Syns water and wynde is chyefely our ſewt
whyche beſt may be ſpared we woll fyꝛſt dyſpute
wherfoꝛe to the ſee my reaſon ſhall reſoꝛte
where ſhyppes by meane of wynd try from poꝛt to poꝛt
From lande to lande in dyſtaunce many a myle
Great is the paſſage and ſmale is the whyle

So great is the profyte as to me doth seme
That no mans wysdome the welth can exteme
And syns the wynde is conueyer of all
who but the wynde shulde haue thanke aboue all

water myller Impytte in thys place a tree here to growe
And therat the wynde in great rage to blowe
when it hath all blowen thys is a clere case
The tre remouyth no here bred from hys place
No more wolde the shyppys blow the best it cowde
All though it wolde blow downe both mast & shrowde
Except the shyppe flete vppon the water
The wynde can ryght nought do a playne mater
yet maye ye on water wythout any wynde
Row forth your vessell where men wyll haue her synde
Nothynge more reioyceth the maryner
Then meane coolys of wynde and plente of water
For commenly the cause of euery wracke
Is excesse of wynde where water doth lacke
In rage of these stormys the perell is suche
That better were no wynde then so farre to muche

wynd myller well yf my reason in thys may not stande
I wyll forsake the see and lepe to lande
In euery chyrche where goddys seruyce is
The organs beare brunt of halfe the quere iwys
whyche causyth the sounde of water or wynde:
More ouer for wynde thys thynge I fynde
For the most parte all maner mynstrelsy
By wynde they delyuer theyr sound chefly
Fyll me a bagpype of your water full
As swetly shall it sounde as it were stuffyd with wull

water myller On my fayth I thynke the moone be at the full
For frantyke fantyes be then most plentefull
whych are at the pype of theyr syrynge in your hed
So farre from our mater he is now fled
As for the wynde in any instrument
It is no percell of our argument
we spake of wynde that comyth naturally
And that is wynde forcyd artyfycyally
whyche is not to purpose but yf it were
And water in dede ryght nought coulde do there

yet I

yet I thynke organs no suche commodyte
wherby the water shulde banysshed be
And for your bagpypes I take them as nyghts
your mater is all in fantyes and tryfuls

wynd myller By god but ye shall not tryfull me of so
yf these thynges serue not I wyll reherse me
And now to mynde there is one olde prouerbe come
One bushell of march dust is worth a kynges raūsome
what is a hundreth thousande bushels worth than

water myller Not one myte for the thynge selfe to no man

wynd myller why shall wynde euery where thus be obiecte
Nay in the hye wayes he shall take effecte
where as the rayne doth neuer good but hurt
For wynde maketh but dust and water maketh durt
Powder or syrop syrs whyche ycke ye beste
who lycketh not the tone maye lycke vp the reste
But sure who so euer hath assayed such sypppes
Had leuer haue dusty eyes then durty lyppes
And it is sayd syns afore we were borne
That drought doth neuer make derth of corne
And well it is knowen to the most foole here
How rayne hath pryced corne within this .vii. yere.

water myller Syr I pray the spare me a lytyll season
And I shall breuely conclude the wyth reason
Put case on somers daye wythout wynde to be
And ragyous wynde in wynter dayes two or thre
Wych more shall dry that one calme daye in somer
Then shall those thre wyndy dayes in wynter
whom shall we thanke for thys when all is done
The thanke to wynde nay thanke chyefely the sone
And so for drought yf corne therby encres
The sone doth comforte and rype all dowtles
And oft the wynde so leyth the corne god wot
That neuer after can it rype but rot
yf drought toke place as ye say yet maye ye se
Lytell helpeth the wynde in thys commodyte
But now syr I deny your pryncyppyll
yf drought euer were it were impossybyll
To haue ony grayne for or it can grow
ye must plow your lande harrow and sow

whyche wyll not be except ye maye haue rayne
To temper the grounde and after agayne
For sprynginge and plumpyng all maner corne
yet muste ye haue water or all is forlorne
yf ye take water for no commodyte
yet must ye take it for thynge of neceſſyte
For waſhynge for ſkowrynge all fylth clenſynge
where water lacketh what beſtely beynge
In brewyng in bakynge in dreſſynge of meate
yf ye lacke water what coulde ye drynke or eate
wythout water coulde lyue neyther man nor beſt
For water preſeruyth both moſte and leſt
For water coulde I ſay a thouſande thynges mo
Saynge as now the tyme wyll not ſerue ſo
And as for that wynde that you do ſew fore
Is good for your wyndemyll and for no more
Syr ſyth all thys in experyence is tryde
I ſay thys mater ſtandeth clere on my ſyde

wynd myller — well ſyns thys wyll not ſerue I wyll alledge ẏ reſte
For our myllys I ſaye myne is the beſte
My wyndmyll ſhall grynd more corne in one our
Then thy water myll ſhall in thre or foure.
ye more then thyne ſhulde in a hole yere
yf thou myghteſt haue as thou haſt wyſhyd here
For thou deſyreſt to haue exceſſe of rayne
whych thyng to the were ẏ worſt thou coudyſt obtayne
For yf thou vydyſt it were a playne inuccyon
To make thyne owne deſyer thyne owne deſtruccyon
For in exceſſe of rayne at any flood
your myllys muſt ſtande ſtyll they can do no good
And whan the wynde doth blow the vttermoſt
Our wyndmylles walke a mayne in euery coſt
For as we ſe the wynde in hys eſtate
we moder our ſayles after the ſame rate
Syns our myllys grynde ſo farre faſter then yours
And alſo they may grynde all tymes and howrs
I ſay we nede no water mylles at all
For wyndmylles be ſuffycyent to ſerue all

water myller — Thou ſpekeſt of all and conſyderest not halfe
In boſte of thy gryſte thou arte wyſe as a calfe

For

For though aboue vs your mylles grynde farre faster
what helpe to those from whome ye be myche farther
And of two sortes yf the tone shold be conserued
I thynke yt mete the moste nomber be serued
In vales and weldes where moste commodyte is
There is most people ye must graunte me this
On hylles & downes whyche partes are moste barayne
There muste be fewyt can no mo sustayne
I darre well say yf yt were tryed euen now
That there is ten of vs to one of you
And where shuld chyefely all necessaryes be
But there as people are moste in plente
More reason that you come. vii. myle to myll
Then all we of the vale sholde clyme the hyll
If rayne came reasonable as I requyre yt
we sholde of your wyndemylles haue nede no whyt

Entreth Mery reporte.

Mery report Stop folysh knaues for your reasonynge is suche
That ye haue reasoned euen ynough and to much
I hard all the wordes that ye both haue hadde
So helpe me god the knaues be more then madde
Nother of them both that hath wyt nor grace
To perceyue that both mylys may serue in place
Betwene water and wynde there is no suche let
But eche myll may haue tyme to vse his fet
whyche thynge I can tell by experyens
For I haue of myne owne not farre from hens
In a corner to gether a couple of mylys
Standynge in a marres betwene two hyllys
Not of inherytaunce but by my wyfe
She is feofed in the tayle for terme of her lyfe
The one for wynde the other for water
And of them both I thanke god there standeth nother
For in a good hour be yt spoken
The water gate is no soner open
But clap sayth the wyndmyll euen strayght behynde
There is good spedde the deuyll and all they grynde
But whether that the hopper be dusty
Or that the mylstonys be sum what rusty
By the mas the meale is myschcuous musty

And yf ye thynke my tale be not trusty
I make ye trew promyse come when ye lyst
we shall fynde meane ye shall taste of the gryst

water myller The corne at receyt happely is not good

Wery report There can be no sweeter by the sweet rood
Nother thynge yet wherby shall not be cloked
My water myll many tymes is choked

water myller So wyll she be though ye should burste your bones
Except ye be perfyt in settynge your stones
Fere not the lydger be ware your conner
yet this for the lydger or ye haue wonne her
Perchaunce your lydger doth lacke good peckyng

Wery report So sayth my wyfe & that maketh all our checkyng
She wolde haue the myll peckt peckt peckt euery day
But by god millers muste pecke when they may
So oft haue we peckt that our stones wax eyght thyn
And all our other gere not worth a pyn
For wyth peckynge and peckyng I haue so wrought
That I haue peckt a good peckynge yron to nought
How be yt yf I stycke no better tyll her
My wyfe sayth she wyll haue a new myller
But let yt passe and now to our mater
I say my mylys lack nother wynde nor water
No more do yours as farre as nede doth requyre
But syns ye can not agree I wyll desyre
Iuppyter to set you both in suche rest
As to your welth and his honour may stande best

water myller I pray you hertely remember me

wynd myller Let not me be forgoten I beseche ye

Both millers goth forth

Wery report If I remember you not both a lyke
I wolde ye were ouer the eares in the dyke
Now be we rydd of two knaues at one chaunce
By saynt Thomas yt is a knaupshe ryddaunce.

The gentylwoman entreth

Gētylwomā Now good god what a foly is this
what shulde I do where so mych people is
I know not how to passe in to the god now

Wery report No but ye know how he may passe into you

Gētylwomā I pray you let me in at the backe syde

ye shall

Mery repoꝛt ye ſhall I ſo, and your foꝛeſpde ſo wyde
Nay not yet but ſyns ye loue to be alone
we twayne wyll into a coꝛner anone
But fyꝛſte I pꝛay you come your way hyther
And let vs twayne chat a wyple to gyther.

Gētylwomā Syꝛ as to you I haue lytell mater
My commynge is to ſpeke wyth Jupiter

Mery repoꝛt Stande ꝑdy wyll a wyple and I wyll go pꝛoue
whether that the god wyll be bꝛought in loue
My loꝛde how now loke vppe luſtely
Here is a derlynge come by ſayne Antony
And yf yt be your pleaſure to mary
Speke quyckly foꝛ ſhe may not tary
In fayth I thynke ye may wynne her anone
Foꝛ ſhe wolde ſpeke wyth your loꝛdſhyp alone

Juppter. Sonne that is not the thynge at this tyme ment
If her ſewt concerne no cauſe of our hyther reſoꝛte
Sende her out of place/ but yf ſhe be bent
To that purpoſe/ heare her and make vs repoꝛte.

Mery repoꝛt I count women loſt yf we loue them not well
Foꝛ ye ſe god loueth them neuer a dele
Mayſtres ye can not ſpeke wyth the god

Gētylwomā No why?

Mery repoꝛt By my fayth foꝛ his loꝛdſhyp is pyght beſy
wyth a pece of woꝛke that nedes muſt be doone
Euen now is he makynge of a new moone
He ſayth your old moones be ſo farre taſted
That all the goodnes of them is waſted
whyche of the great wete hath ben moſte mater
Foꝛ olde moones be leake they can holde no water
But foꝛ this new mone I durſt lay my gowne
Except a few dꝛoppes at her goyng downe
ye get no rayne tyll her arꝛyuynge
wythout yt nede and then no mans deuyſynge
Coulde wyſhe the faſhyon of rayne to be ſo good
Not guſhynge out lyke gutters of Noyes flood
But ſmale dꝛoppes ſpꝛynklyng ſoftly on the grounde
Though they fellon a ſponge they wold gyue no ſoũde
This new moone ſhal make a thing ſpꝛyng moꝛe i this
Thē a old moone ſhal while a mā may go a mile(while

By that

By that tyme the god hath all made an ende
ye ſhall ſe how the wether wyll amende
By ſaynt Anne he goth to worke euen boldely
I thynke hym wyſe ynough for he loketh oldely
wherfore mayſtres be ye now of good chere
For though in his preſens ye can not appere
Tell me your mater and let me alone
Way happe I wyll thynke on you when you be gone

Gētylwomā For ſoth the cauſe of my commynge is this
I am a woman ryght fayre as ye ſe
In no creature more beauty then in me is
And ſyns I am fayre, fayre wolde I kepe me
But the ſonne in ſomer ſo ſore doth burne me
In wynter the wynde on euery ſyde me
No parte of the yere wote I where to turne me
But euen in my houſe am I fayne to hyde me
And ſo do all other that beuty haue
In whoſe name at this tyme this ſewt I make
Beſechynge Iuppter to graunt that I craue
whyche is this that yt may pleaſe hym for our ſake
To ſende vs wether cloſe and temperate
No ſonne ſhyne no froſt nor no wynde to blow
Then wolde we get the ſtretes trym as a parate
ye ſhold ſe how we wolde ſet our ſelfe to ſhow

Mery repoꝛt Iet where ye wyll I ſwere by ſaynte Quintyne
ye paſſe them all both in your owne concept and myne.

Gētylwomā If we had wether to walke at our pleaſure
Our lyues wolde be mery out of meaſure
One parte of the day for our apparellynge
Another parte for eatynge and dꝛynkynge
And all the reſte in ſtretes to be walkynge
Or in the houſe to paſſe tyme wyth talkynge

Mery repoꝛt when ſerue ye god.

Gētylwomā who boſteth in vertue are but daws

Mery repoꝛt ye do the better namely ſyns there is no cauſe
How ſpende ye the nyght

Gētylwomā. In daunſynge and ſyngynge
Tyll mydnyght and then fall to ſleppynge

Mery repoꝛt why ſwete herte by your falſe fayth can ye ſyng

Gētylwomā. Nay nay but I loue yt aboue all thynge

Nowe

Mery repoꝛt Now by my trouth foꝛ the loue that I owe you
you ſhall here what pleaſure I can ſhew you
One ſonge haue I foꝛ you ſuche as yt is
And yf yt were better ye ſhold haue yt by gys

Gētylwomā Mary ſyꝛ I thanke you euen hartely

Mery repoꝛt Come on ſyꝛs but now let vs ſynge luſtly

Here they ſynge

Gētylwomā Syꝛ this is well done I hertely thanke you
ye haue done me pleaſure I make god a vowe
Ones in a nyght I longe foꝛ ſuche a fyt
Foꝛ longe tyme haue I ben bꝛought vp in yt.

Mery repoꝛt Oft tyme yt is ſene both in court and towne
Longe be women a bꝛyngyng vp & ſone bꝛought down
So fete yt is, ſo nete yt is, ſo nyſe yt is,
So tꝛycke yt is, ſo quycke yt is, ſo wyſe yt is,
I fere my ſelfe excepte I may entreat her
I am ſo farre in loue I ſhall foꝛget her
Now good mayſtres I pꝛay you let me kys ye

Gētylwomā kys me quoth a why nay ſyꝛ I wys ye

Mery repoꝛt what yes hardely kys me ons and no moꝛe
I neuer deſyꝛed to kys you befoꝛe

Here the launder cometh in.

Launder. why haue ye alway kyſt her behynde
In fayth good inough yf yt be your mynde
And yf your appetyte ſerue you ſo to do
Bꝛy lady I wolde ye had kyſt myne ars to.

Mery repoꝛt To whom doſt thou ſpeke foule hoꝛe canſt thou tell

Launder. Nay by my trouth I ſyꝛ not very well
But by conjecture this ges I haue
That I do ſpeke to an olde baudy knaue
I ſaw you dally wyth your ſymper de cokket
I rede you beware ſhe pyck not your pokket
Such ydyll huſwyfes do now and than
Thynke all well wonne that they pyck from a man
yet ſuch of ſome men ſhall haue moꝛe fauour
Then we that foꝛ them dayly toyle and labour
But I truſt the god wyll be ſo indyfferent
That ſhe ſhall fayle ſome parte of her entent

Mery repoꝛt No dout he wyll deale ſo gracyouſly
That all folke ſhall be ſerued indyfferently

How be yt I tell the trewth my office is suche
That I muste reporte eche sewt lyttell or muche
wherfore wyth the god syns thou canst not speke
Trust me wyth thy sewt I wyll not fayle yt to breke

Launder. Then leane not to myche to yonder gyglet
For her delyre contrary to myne is set
I herde by her tale she wolde banyshe the sonne
And then were we pore launders all vndonne
Excepte the sonne shyne that our clothes may dry
we can do ryght nought in our laundry
A nother maner losse yf we sholde mys
Then of such nycebyceters as she is

Gētylwomā. I thynke yt better that thou enuy me
Then I sholde stande at rewarde of thy pytte
It is the guyse of such grose queynes as thou art
wyth such as I am euermore to thwart
Bycause that no beauty ye can obtayne
Therfore ye haue vs that be fayre in dysdayne

Launder. when I was as ponge as thou art now
I was wythin lyttel as fayre as thou
And so myght haue kept me yf I hadde wolde
And as derely my youth I myght haue solde
As the tryckest and fayrest of you all
But I feared parels that after myght fall
wherfore some belynes I dyd me prouyde
Lest vyce myght enter on euery syde
whyche hath fre entre where ydylnesse doth reyne
It is not thy beauty that I dysdeyne
But thyne ydyll lyfe that thou hast rehersed
whych any good womans hert wolde haue perced
For I perceyue in daunsynge and syngynge
In eatyng and drynkynge and thyne apparellynge
Is all the ioye wherin thy herte is set
But nought of all this doth thyne owne labour get
For haddest thou nothyng but of thyne owne trauayle
Thou myghtest go as naked as my nayle
Me thynke thou shuldest abhorre suche ydylnes
And passe thy tyme in some honest belynes
Better to lese some parte of thy beaute
Then so oft to ieoberd all thyne honeste

But I

But I thynke rather then thou woldest so do
Thou haddest leuer haue vs lyue ydylly to
And so no doute we shulde yf thou myghtest haue
The clere sone banysht as thou dost craue
Then were we launders marde and vnto the
Thyne owne request were smale commodyte
For of these twayne I thynke yt farre better
Thy face were sone burned and thy clothis the swetter
Then that the sonne from shynynge sholde be smytten
To kepe thy face fayre and thy smocke beshytten
Syr how lycke ye my reason in her case

Mery repoꝛt Such a raylynge hoꝛe by the holy mas
I neuer herde in all my lyfe tyll now
In dede I loue ryght well the ton of you
But oꝛ I wolde kepe you both by goddes mother
The deuyll shall haue the tone to fet the tother.

Launder Pꝛomise me to speke that the sone may shyne bꝛyght
And I wyll be gone quyckly foꝛ all nyght

Mery repoꝛt Get you both hens I pꝛay you hartely
your sewtes I perceyue and wyll repoꝛte them trewly
Unto Juppter at the next leysure
And in the same desyre to know his pleasure
whyche knowledge hadde euen as he doth show yt
Feare ye not tyme inough ye shall know yt

Gētylwomā. Syr yf ye medyll remember me fyrste
Launder. Then in this medlynge my parte shalbe the wurst
Mery repoꝛt Now I beseche our loꝛde the deuyll the burst
Here the gentyl-womā goth forth. who medlyth wyth many I hold hym accurst
Thou hoꝛe can I medyl wyth you both at ones
Launder. By the mas knaue I wold I had both thy stones
In my purs yf thou medyl not indyfferently
That both our maters in yssew may be lyckly

Mery repoꝛt Many woꝛdes lyttell mater and to no purpose
Suche is the effect that thou dost dysclose
The moꝛe ye byb the moꝛe ye babyll
The moꝛe ye babyll the moꝛe ye fabyll
The moꝛe ye fabyll the moꝛe vnstabyll
The moꝛe vnstabyll the moꝛe vnabyll
In any maner thynge to do any good
No hurt though ye were hanged by the holy rood

Launder The les your ſylence the leſſe your credence
The les your credens the les your honeſte
The les your honeſte the les your aſſyſtens
The les your aſſyſtens the les abylyte
In you to do ought wherfore ſo god me ſaue
No hurte in hangynge ſuche a rayſynge knaue

Mery repoꝛt what monſter is this I neuer harde none ſuche
For loke how myche more I haue made her to myche
And ſo farre at leſt ſhe hath made me to lyttell
Wher be ye launder I thynke in ſome ſpyttell
ye ſhall waſhe me no gere for feare of fretynge
I loue no launders that ſhrynke my gere in wettynge
I pray the go hens and let me be in reſt
I wyll do thyne erand as I thynke beſt.

Launder Now wolde I take my leue yt I wyſte how
The lenger I lyue the more knaue you.

Merypepoꝛt The lenger thou lyueſt the pyte the gretter
The ſoner thou be ryd the tydynges the better
Is not this a ſwete offyce that I haue
When euery drab ſhall proue me a knaue
Euery man knoweth not what goddes ſeruyce is
Nor I my ſelfe knew yt not before this
I thynke goddes ſeruauntes may lyue holyly
But the deuyls ſeruauntes lyue more merily
I know not what god geueth in ſtandynges fees
But the deuyls ſeruauntes haue caſweltees
A hundred tymes mo then goddes ſeruauntes haue
For though ye be neuer ſo ſtarke a knaue
If ye lacke money the deuyll wyll do no wurſe
But bryng you ſtrayght to a nother mans purſe
Then wyll the deuyll promote you here in this world
As vnto ſuche ryche yt doth moſte accord
Fyrſte pater noſter qui es in celis
And then ye ſhall ſens the ſhryfe wyth your helps
The greateſt frende ye haue in felde or towne
Standynge a typ to ſhall not reche your crowne
The boy comyth in, the leſt that can play.

Merypepoꝛt This ſame is euen he by allyciphod
Syr I pray you be not you maſter god

Mery repoꝛt No in good fayth ſonne but I may ſay to the

I am

I am ſuche a man that god may not myſſe me
wherfore wyth ꝑ god yf thou wolde ſt haue ought done
Tell me thy mynde and I ſhall ſhew yt ſone

Boy — Forſothe ſyr my mynde is thys at few wordes
All my pleaſure is in catchynge of byrdes
And makynge of ſnow ballys and throwyng the ſame
For the whyche purpoſe to haue ſet in frame
wyth my godfather god I wolde fayne haue ſpoken
Deſyrynge hym to haue ſent me by ſome token
where I myghte haue had great froſt for my pytfallys
And plente of ſnow to make my ſnow ballys
This onys had/bopes lyuis be ſuch as no man leddys
O to ſe my ſnow ballys lyght on my felowes heddys
And to here ꝑ byrdes how they flycker theyr wynges
In the pytfale I ſay yt paſſeth all thynges
Syr yf ye be goddes ſeruaunt or his kynſman
I pray you helpe me in this yf ye can

Mery repoꝛt — Alas poꝛe boy who ſent the hether
Boy — A hundred boys that ſtode to gether
where they herde one ſay in a cry
That my godfather god almyghty
was come from heuen by his owne accorde
This nyght to ſuppe here wyth my lorde
And farther he ſayde come whoſe will
They ſhall ſure haue theyr bellyes full
Of all wethers who lyſte to craue
Eche ſorte ſuche wether as they lyſte to haue
And when my felowes thought this wolde be had
And ſaw me ſo prety a pratelynge lad
Uppon agrement wyth a great noys
Sende lyttell Dycke cryed all the boys
By whoſe aſſent I am purueyd
To ſew for the wether afore ſeyd
wherin I pray you to be good as thus
To helpe that god may gyue yt vs

Mery repoꝛt — Gyue boys wether quoth a nonny nonny
Boy — If god of his wether wyll gyue nonny
I pray you wyll he ſell ony
Or lend vs a buſhell of ſnow or twayne
And poynt vs a day to pay hym agayne

Mery report I can not tell forby thys lyght
I chept nor borowed none of hym this nyght
But by suche shifte as I wyll make
Thou shalte se soone what waye he wyll take

Boy Syr I thanke you then I may departe
The boye goth forth.

Merryreport ye farewell good sonne wyth all my harte
Now such an other sorte as here hath bene
In all the dayes of my lyfe I haue not sene
No sewters now but women, knaues, and boys
And all theyr sewtys are in fantyes and toys
yf that there come no wyser after thys cry
I wyll to the god and make an ende quyckely
Oyes, yf that any knaue here
Be wyllynge to appere
For wether fowle or clere
Come in before thys flocke
And be he hole or lyckly
Come shew hys mynde quyckly
And yf hys tale be not lyckly
ye shall lycke my tayle in the nocke
All thys tyme I perceyue is spent in wast
To wayte for no sewters I se none make hast
wherfore I wyll shew the god all thys procys
And be delyuered of my symple offys
Now lorde accordynge to your cōmaundement
Attendynge sewters I haue ben dylygent
And at begynnyng as yout wyll was I sholde
I come now at ende to shewe what eche man wolde
The fyrst sewter before yout selfe dyd appere
A gentylman desyrynge wether clere
Clowdy nor myshy nor no wynde to blow
For hurt in hys huntynge and then as ye know
The marchaunt sewde for all of that kynde
For wether clere and mesurable wynde
As they maye best bere theyr saylys to make spede
And streyght after thys there came to me in dede
An other man who namyd hym selfe a ranger
And sayd all of hys crafte be farre brought in daunger
For lacke of lyuynge whyche chefely ys wynde fall

But

But he playnely sayth there bloweth no wynde at al
wherfore he desyreth for encrease of theyr fleesys
Extreme rage of wynde trees to tere in peces
Then came a water myller and he cryed out
For water and sayde the wynde was so stout
The rayne could not sale wherfore he made request
For plenty of rayne to set the wynde at rest
And then syr there came a wyndemyller in
who sayde for the rayne he could no wynde wyn
The water he wyshyt to be banyshyt all
Beseechynge your grace of wynde contynuall
Then came there an other that wolde banysh all this
A goodly dame an ydyll thynge iwys
wynde rayne nor froste nor sonshyne wold she haue
But fayre close wether her beautye to saue
Then came there a nother that lyueth by laundry
who muste haue wether hote & clere here clothys to dry
Then came there a boy for froste and snow contynuall
Snow to make snowballys and frost for his pytfale
For whyche god wote he seweth full gredely
your fyrst man wold haue wether clere and not wyndy
The seconde the same saue cooles to blow meanly
The thyrd desyred stormes and wynde most extremely
The fourth all in water and wolde haue no wynde
The fyft no water but all wynde to grynde
The syxt wold haue none of all these nor no bright sonne
The seuenth extremely the hote son wold haue wonne
The eyght and the last for frost & snow he prayd
By r lady we shall take shame I am a frayd
who marketh in what maner this sort is led
May thynke yt impossyble all to be sped
This nomber is smale there lacketh twayne of ten
And yet by the masse amonge ten thousand men
No one thynge could stand more wyde from the tother
Not one of theyr sewtes agreeth wyth an other
I promyse you here is a shrewed pece of warke
This gere wyll trye wether ye be a clarke
If ye trust to me yt is a great folye
For yt passeth my braynes by goddes body

Jupiter. Son thou haste ben dylygent and done so well

That thy labour is ryght myche thanke worthy
But be thou suer we nede no whyt thy counsell
For in our selfe we haue foresene remedy
whyche thou shalt se but fyrste depart hens quyckly
To the gentylman and all other sewters here
And commaunde them all before vs to appere

Mery report — That shall be no lenger in doynge
Then I am in commynge and goynge
Mery report goth out

Jupiter — Suche debate as from aboue ye haue harde
Suche debate beneth amonge your selfes ye se
As longe as heddes from temperaunce be defend
So longe the bodyes in dysemperaunce be
This perceyue ye all but none can helpe saue we
But as we there haue made peace concordantly
So woll we here now gyue you remedy
Mery reporte and all the sewters entreth

Mery report — If I hadde caught them
Or euer I raught them
I wolde haue taught them
To be nere me
Full dere haue I bought them
Lorde so I sought them
yet haue I brought them
Suche as they be

Gentylman — Pleaseth yt your maieste lorde so yt is
we as your subiectes and humble sewters all
Accordynge as we here your pleasure is
Are prest to your presens beynge prynceppall
Hed and gouernour of all in euery place
who ioyeth not in your syght no ioy can haue
wherfore we all cõmpt vs to your grace
As lorde of lordes vs to perysshe or saue

Juppyter. — As longe as dyscrecyon so well doth you gyde
Obedyently to vse your dewte
Dout ye not we shall your sauete prouyde
your greuys we haue harde wherfore we sent for ye
To receyue answere eche man in his degre
And fyrst to content most reason yt is
The fyrste man that sewde wherfore marke ye this

Oft shal

Oft shall ye haue the wether clere and styll
To hunt in for recompens of your payne
Also you merchauntes shall haue myche your wyll
For oft tymes when no wynde on lande doth remayne
yet on the see pleasaunt cooles you shall obtayne
And syns your huntynge maye reste in the nyght
Oft shall the wynde then ryse and before day lyght

It shall ratyll downe the wood in suche case
That all ye rangers the better lyue may
And ye water myllers shall abteyne this grace
Many tymes the rayne to fall in the valey
whē at ỹ selfe tymes on hyllys we shall purucy (wynde
Fayre wether for your wyndmilles with such coolys of
As in one instant both kyndes of myles may grynde

And for ye fayre wom̄e that close wether wold haue
we shall prouyde that ye may sufficyently
Haue tyme to walke in and your beauty saue
And yet shall ye haue that lyueth by laundry
The hote sonne oft ynough your clothes to dry
Also ye praty chylde shall haue both frost and snow
Now marke this conclusyon we charge you arow

Myche better haue we now deuysed for ye all
Then ye all can perceyue or coude desyre
Eche of you sewd to haue contynuall
Suche wether as his crafte onely doth requyre
All wethers in all places yf men all tymes myght hyer
who could lyue by other what is this neglygens
Vs to atempt in suche inconuenyens

Now on the tother syde yf we had graunted
The full of some one sewt and no mo
And from all the rest the wether had forbyd
yet who so hadde obtayned had wonne his owne wo
There is no one craft can preserue man so
But by other craftes of necessyte
He muste haue myche parte of his commodyte.

All to

All to serue at ones and one destroy a nother
Or ellys to serue one and destroy all the rest
Nother wyll we do the tone nor the tother
But serue as many or as few as we thynke best
And where or what tyme to serue moste or lest
The dyrecc̄yon of that doutles shall stande
Perpetually in the power of our hande

wherfore we wyll the hole worlde to attende
Eche sort on suche wether as for them doth fall
Now one now other as lyketh vs to sende
who that hath yt ply yt and suer we shall
So gyde the wether in course to you all
That eche wyth other ye shall hole remayne
In pleasure and plentyfull welth certayne.

Gentylman Blessyd was the tyme wherin we were borne
Fyrst for the blyssfull chaunce of your godly presens
Next for our sewt was there neuer man before
That euer harde so excellent a sentens
As your grace hath geuyn to vs all arow
wherin your hyghnes hath so bountyfully
Dystrybuted my parte that your grace shall know
your selfe sooll possessed of hertes of all chyualry

Marchaunt. Lyke wyse we marchauntes shall yeld vs holy
Onely to laude the name of Juppter
As god of all gr[illegible]des you to serue soolly
For of euery thynge I se you are norysher

Ranger No dout yt is so for so we now fynde
wherin your grace vs rangers so doth bynde
That we shall gyue you our hertes with one accorde
For knowledge to know you as our onely lorde

water myller well I can no more but for our water
we shall geue your lordshyp our ladyes sauter.

wynd myller Myche haue ye bounde vs for as I be saued
we haue all obteyned better then we craued.

Cytyzenwom̄ That is trew werfore your grace shall trewly
The hertes of such as I am haue surely.

Launder. And such as I am who be as good as you
His hyghnes shall be suer on I make a vow

Godfather

Boy Godfather god I wyll do somwhat for you agayne
By Cryste ye may happe to haue a byrd or twayne
And I promyse you yf any snow come
when I make my snow ballys ye shall haue some.

Mery report God thāke your lordshyp lo how this is brought to pas
Syrs now shall ye haue the wether euen as yt was.

Jupiter. we nede no whyte our selfe any farther to bost
For our dedes declare vs apparauntly
Not onely here on yerth in euery cost
But also aboue in the heuynly company
Our prudens hath made peace vnyuersally
whyche thynge we sey recorydeth vs as pryncypall
God and gouernour of heuen yérth and all

Now vnto that heuen we woll make retourne
where we be glorifyed most tryumphantly
Also we woll all ye that on yerth sotourne
Syns cause gyueth cause to know vs your lord onely
And now here to synge moste ioyfully
Reioycynge in vs and in meane tyme we shall
Ascende into our trone celestyall.

Finis.

Prynted by w. Rastell.
1533.
Cum priuilegio.

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Heywood, John
The play of the weather

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